


When we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading to them all: "Here lies." Then follows the name, with the date of death, and perhaps some praise of good qualities of the departed. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus. It is not written in gold nor cut in stone; it is spoken by the mouth of an angel, and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: "He is not here."



By Adj. Chas
Orill

Lamenting Lost Glories

The last crown He wore on earth was the crown of thorns, but now wears many, among them the crowns of Majesty, of Humility, of Divinity and of Redemption. To God, many in our land have surrendered to Him the sovereignty of their hearts and lives and have called Him King. At this Good Friday season, reader, as he stands before you and you hear the words, "Thy King," accept Him; crown Him not with thorns, but with the crown of Diadem. He is worthy of your devotion and loyalty. Pray "Thy Kingdom come in me, Lord."

It was twelve months previous to that, while James was in New Orleans, he had struck up an acquaintance with a man who during the course of conversation had claimed, "With I know where I could get you some fine jewelry." Jim had heard a story being told at M—, his home town, of \$200,000 worth of jewelry had been buried in a certain cave in the country near there. Unluckily, for he was a miser, Jim had concluded to go and see if he could find it. He told the surprise company that he did like it as a matter of fact. Jim then had admitted and surprised them by revealing with which the old man had earned his money. At once getting rid of any money, he had at once recognized the man charged with his disappearance. Jim refused to place the matter before

Eight months later Jimmy ran in the man again in Toronto. At once the "easy money" was over his brother's shoulder and he began to talk him down, refusing to be an accessory to the robbery and criminal act proposed. But his companion persisted, had been, what? He held his mind on forcing the job through and mentioned that he would touch with a man who "knew" the ropes where "easy money" was

e Man"

witnessed the long horrors of the siege of Jerusalem, which stands unparalleled in history for its terrible fearfulness. "We have no King but Caesar," they said, and Caesar after Caesar outraged, tyrannized, pillaged, burned the temple, crucified the children in myriads until supplies of wood failed for crosses. They were scattered to the ends of the earth, despised and hated of all men.

Lamenting Lost Glories

A pathetic sight in Jerusalem is to see the mourners at the Walling Wall just outside the Temple area, where millions have gone on pilgrimage at thousands have driven nails in between the stones, suggesting that the wall holds them fast, so God will hold them fast. On most days Jesus will be found there praying, reading, and lamenting that the glory has departed. They rejected their King, the Ecce Homo Church, where He was handed over to the crowd, the Siles are praying that His Kingdom should soon come.

Are you concerned about this reader? What will you do for Him, not with thorns, but crown Him Lord of all.

In Jerusalem, as in other Eastern cities, the mazzin calls the Mohammedans to prayer, shouting Mohammed's name from the minarets of at least four mosques five times daily. As I listened I wished I could broadcast the Name of Jesus as King over that marvellous air or twenty times daily, but the time came when—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun
Doth his successive journey run;
St. John, in his Revelation, says
"On His head were many crowns"



PLING PLACE IN JERUSALEM
on, as Jews of all Nations Mourn over the
Glory of their Race

think, The last crown He wore on earth was the crown of thorns, but now He wears many, among them the crowns of Morality, of Humanity, of Divinity and of Redemption. Thus God, many in our land have ascribed to Him the sovereign right to their hearts and lives and have called Him King. At this Good Friday season, reader, as he stands before you and you hear the words, "Thou art my King," accept Him; crown Him not with thorns, but with the Diadem. He is worthy of your devotion and loyalty. Pray "Thy dominion come in me, Lord."

Snatched from the Brink of Niagara

The subject of this story was led to commit a ghoulis crime in the quest for buried jewels. Full of remorse, he contemplated suicide, but was stopped in a remarkable manner. Then he found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

By ADJUTANT BRAMWELL COLES

IT SEEMED the only way out. The foaming waters of the rapids rushing madly on as if eager for their terrible plunge, seemed to be calling the despairing man. A sudden, desperate leap, a headlong plunge, and then—nothing! Better a short agonizing struggle in the cruel waters of Niagara than this awful, maddening burden.

Jimmy R— (never mind his real name), was in a tight corner; there can be no two opinions about that. Behind him, young though he was, a ghastly crime he could never undo, before him, black hopelessness. And all the time haunting him like some terrifying ghost, a guilty conscience.

He had fled to Niagara in his desperate efforts to elude the arm of the law, with some vague hope of escaping across the border, although he knew that were well nigh impossible. In terror of every policeman he saw, he lived in a perpetual nightmare of apprehension.

This was not all for the Devil pays his wages in good measure. Added to his mental agony were the pangs of remorse caused by thoughts of the shame and suffering his prodigal ways had brought to his faithful but broken-hearted wife and his sorrowing mother.

Yes, he was in desperate straits. He had got into a pretty awkward mess. Why endure the worry of it all any longer?

As he thus meditated, there passed rapidly before his mind the sequence of events which had brought him to this terrible pass. If only he could have torn those pages from his life's book and destroyed them!

It was twelve months previously that, while waiting at the Relief Office, he had struck up a casual acquaintance with a man who during the course of conversation had exclaimed, "Wish I knew where I could get some 'easy money'." Now Jimmy had heard a story going the rounds at K—, his home town, of how \$200,000 worth of jewelry had been buried in a certain grave in the cemetery there. Unluckily, for he was then innocent of any criminal intent, he told the story to his companion, who to his surprise, pronounced at the time like a cat at a mouse, Jimmy, somewhat alarmed and surprised at the readiness with which the older man had grabbed at this supposed chance of getting "easy money," and at once recognizing the true character of his chance acquaintance, bluntly refused to pursue the matter further.

Eight months later Jimmy ran into the man again in Toronto. At once the subject of the buried wealth, the younger man again revived the proposition, down, refusing to be an accomplice to the ghoulis and criminal, but he had been whittled. He had set his mind on carrying the job through and mentioned that he was in touch with a man who "knew all the ropes" where "easy money" was

concerned, proceeding to paint alluring pictures of the wealth which would be theirs once they got hold of the "swag."

His picture painting hit Jimmy in a weak spot. The young man thought of his wife and child, and of how the money would bring comfort to their drab, poverty-stricken lives. He weakened; the older man noticed it, and using every crafty artifice of which he was master, he battered the crumbling defence until Jimmy was down and out!

So it came about that the three men—Jimmy, the man who coveted "easy money" and the man who "knew the ropes"—met to plan their ghoulis plot. It was first arranged that Jimmy should go to M—, to ascertain exactly the position of the grave, and generally reconnoitre the position. This he did, returning with complete details of the locality of the grave and with further confirmation of the story of the buried wealth.

Final plans were then laid, and on the day appointed, a car was secured, a deposit of \$50.00 accomplished—some canvas, shovels and a pick were thrown in, and some decorators' paraphernalia placed on top of these as camouflage. Then the trio set out for their one hundred and thirty mile journey to the scene of their proposed crime. They arranged their schedule so as to arrive at M— under cover of darkness. It was therefore near midnight when they crept into the cemetery and, finding the grave, commenced to dig. They rolled the turf, for they planned to cover all traces of their crime by refilling the grave, and relaying the turf.

All their evil plans had so far functioned like a well-oiled machine, and they were congratulating themselves on their "good luck" when an oath sprang to the lips of one of the diggers. His spade had struck the rough box in which the easket and the supposed jewels were buried. It was made of steel! And to their unutterable disgust their frantic attempts to prize it open with a chisel and other instruments proved futile.

They knew then that it was all up. Their castles in the air burst like bubbles. Their visions of affluence vanished like a desert mirage. Cursing their "hard luck," they hurriedly refilled the grave, relaid the turf, tumbled into the car and made off.

All these gruesome details, like a horrible dream flashed before Jimmy's mind's eye as he stood within sound of the mighty torrent, the waters of which promised him a speedy deliverance from his haunting conscience and escape from the consequences of his wrong-doing and from the disgrace he had brought upon himself and his family.

What had life for him? Only bitterness and wretchedness. Black despair faced him on every side. In a vague sort of way he realized he had brought it all on himself. He had worked for the Devil, he must take the Devil's wages. He had no one to blame but himself.

Bluntly, he was cornered. There was one way out. It was a quick and easy way. He would take it. As he thus calmly determined to

"blot out his life," to use his own phrase, there came an arresting sound—the music of a Band. It may seem almost like fiction; but ask Jimmy: he will soon settle your mind on the question. He stopped to listen, and some strange influence drew him in the direction of the sound.

You will have guessed that it was The Army Band at an Open-air meeting. As the despairing man drew near and heard the Salvationists' message, he thought again of his broken-hearted wife, loyal and faithful through thick and thin; of his sinful hidden to his eyes.

Let him tell this part of the story state. Tears of remorse came unbidden in his own words. "That music of the Band stopped a sinner who was going to further serve the devil by taking his own life," he says. "It seemed to say to me: 'Come back to God.' As I stood near, the Captain who was leading the service, noticed me. What it was that made him speak to me I don't know. Perhaps he saw the tears which I could not stop; perhaps he saw that the message had found a hilt. Anyway, he spoke to me about my soul. I told him I was too far gone. He told me that no man was so low but that the love of Jesus could not save him."

"But there were so many things to right that I felt my particular case was hopeless. Before I could find pardon from God I must confess my sin and suffer the consequences. I felt I could not do this, but in response to the Captain's persuasion, I promised to attend the meeting at The Army Hall next morning."

"I went, and a Sergeant came and begged me to seek God's pardon. I

his knees with the assurance that he was a sinner saved by grace.

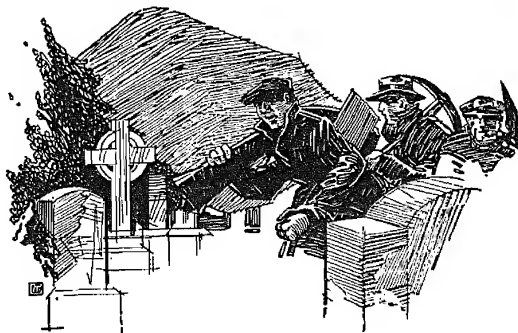
The future. What did it trouble him now. The load had vanished. His sins were blotted out. To the sympathetic Officer of the local Corps, he confessed the whole story of his part in the ghoulis crime, signifying his intention of making a clean breast of everything to the police, taking his punishment like a man, and then starting again with a "clean sheet."

He was sent to Toronto, the Adjutant giving him a letter of introduction which fully explained the case to The Army Men's Social Department, and there the repentant man saw kindly Officers of The Army, to whom he repeated his story, concluding by reaffirming his determination to make a full confession.

Suffice it to say that an Army Officer went with Jimmy when he made a clean breast of everything to the police authorities and eventually stood his trial.

He cannot begin to express the depth of his gratitude to The Army for its kindly shepherding of himself and his faithful wife and little girl throughout many troublesome weeks of stress and suspense. But of life we are not so much concerned here; it is all in the day's work of our Men's Social Samaritans.

Jimmy has found that God has not failed him. Today he is a free man; his wife and child are restored to him. The Army has found him a job on a farm and provided him with an outfit. His child was dedicated in The Army recently. He has gained his manhood, and is



It was near midnight when they crept into the cemetery

decided then and there to confess everything and pray for God's forgiveness and Salvation."

The rest of the story is soon told. Jimmy fully resolved to make a clean breast of his participation in the M— crime, and to bear the penalty whatever it might be. With firm purpose he made his way to the mercy-seat and there, on his knees, in true repentance, humbly and earnestly prayed that God, for the sake of Jesus who died for "whosoever will," would blot out his sins. He rose from

holding fast to an Arm that is stronger than his own, facing the future with optimism and courage.

His thoughts no longer are turned on quests for buried jewels. The saved man has found the Pearl of Great Price, and his heart now sings for joy.

Yes, he has many things to be grateful for; but to his dying day there will ever ring sweetly in his ears the music of that Little Army Band, the strains of which arrested him and snatched him from the brink of Niagara.

Landland

L. The field was upon a slight
out which hitherto had been to
sh for her, but now she did not
ice it. She ran up and seeing
from the hands of one of the
an to work as though life had
ended upon it. The women look
just at her and whispered in an-
es, "This is the last stage, she
gone out of her mind." And she
ked like it, as she spoke in a
undament of what the Lord had
e for her.

Rohina soon sought out the doctor
at worthy gentleman again, and
ined her lungs, then in a pause
inner said:
"It is very strange, I do not want
believe in what is called lung
aling, but your lungs—? It is
used then proceeded, "but your
seem to have undergone a
ange, they are as the lungs of a
but, yes, not large, but sound."
"Then," quoth Rohina, "I want you
give me a good health certificate
must go into the Work of The
tion Army."

"Oh," he objected, "that would be
ying in the face of Providence. Se-
g you are better, why not be con-
nt to remain home with your
other?"

But Rohina persisted, and eventually
v, assuring her that she would be
ed in two years, he gave her the
apers she desired.

In a short time she found herself
etually in a Corps, and in 1922
Newfoundland she endured the ex-
eriences all too common in the
ays of fighting, endured as they
called. Officer would endure the
clothes, boots, wet and frost
about her feet and ankles, more
nce she had neither food nor
she knew cold and hunger
poverty, hardships were many, but
though sometimes finding it ne-
sary to rest, she has not yet
resign on account of poor
More than thirty-two years have
passed since her remarkable be-
and she continues to this day a
ful Field Officer, one of the
gale. She is a tower of strength
her command Officers, and her
land and children glory in her.
eagerly she repudiates any
honor to herself, she desires all
glory, praise and honor to Him
saint to her, "I am the Lord's
health there."

leave her seat. With tears
ing down her cheeks, up she
came and humbly knelt at the
tent-form, where she claimed
ance.

One could not help but see
change, her face was radiant with
inward light as she faced the
congregation and told them
Christ had done for her. At
and a contrite heart He will re-
pise.



Walking haughtily up the

Some Indian Proverbs— and what they may teach us

By Lt-Commissioner Hoe



III. Proverbs of a Nation
are usually of real
human interest as they
arise from the very
intimate life of the
people, the homes, the
fireside, the mistakes, the frailties,
the humors of everyday life.

They have their roots, too, much
earlier than written records, and are
therefore rays of the beginnings of
observation on the part of the wiser
ones among the people. It may well
be understood that peoples like those
in the great peninsula known as
India to-day, would have sayings of
great variety, wisdom, frankness;
and very often of considerable wis-
dom, containing teaching that is
apt and useful even to-day.

Proverbial Sayings

All who have worked in India are
more or less familiar with some of
these proverbial sayings, many of
which are associated with the names
of Hindu and other religious leaders
or sages. Perhaps a brief glance
at some of these sayings, with the
excellent teaching that they contain,
may be of interest. I would like to
acknowledge the kindness of Lt.-Col-
onel Barfoot (Dykes) in supply-
ing a number of these proverbs with
the translations.

Many proverbs deal with the need
of sincerity in religious observation,
and the emptiness of mere form; for
instance this one deals with the visits
to liver shrines, where bathing re-
moves guilt. "Three men went to the
Holy Stream, mind wandering and
full of deceit. Not one in ten was wash-
ed away, but ten hundredweight was
added." Then there is a similar say-
ing referring to the use of the
Rosary and calling on God's Name:
"Turn the Rosary in your fingers,
Turn your tongue in your cheek
telling on God. If your mind wan-
ders there is no true worship there."

Then there is a large class of say-
ings which deal with the Grace,
Power and Purity of God; or of those
who gain communion with Him. For
instance, Kabir, the North Indian
Saint, says: "If the earth were paper,
if the Forest trees were pens, if the
Seven Seas were ink, all these could
not write the Grace of God."

Again—"God's Grace may be
likened to a mass of sugar candy.
The small black ants come in their
thousands—and the big red ants also
come, and many of us and they all
partake freely, but the mount never
gets less."

The Grace of Humility

Then the grace of humility is
often stressed. "The Saint is like
the cotton plant, the humblest and
lowest of shrubs, and yet its fruit
clothes mankind." So the works of
the saint do good to all. Or this
little one: "The Saint is like the
lotus; beautiful and white, and yet it
grows from a muddy, foul pond." Or
again: "The swan is like a true saint.
It has the strange power of selecting
from the dirty water the milk that
has been thrown in it." So is the
saint in the world.

There is not so much about the
change of heart, but even that is re-
ferred to as follows: "When the
name to my heart I took, consumed
was all my sin, as when a spark of
fire ignites an old bundle of hay." Or
this one: "Now a Diamond am I;
then I was but glass. By the Grace
of my Master True, I am now true
in heart."

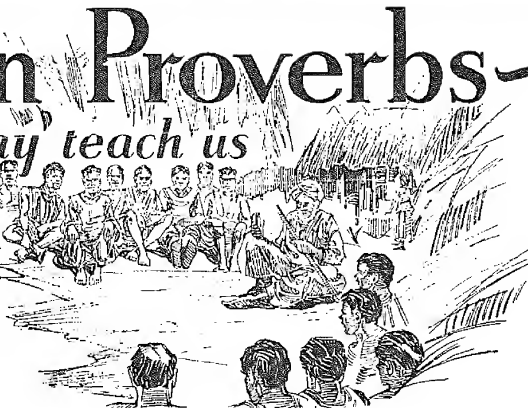
Refining Fire

A quaint parable refers to the
little earthenware saucers used as
lamps in the temples and fed with
ghee or clarified butter. Milk is
likened to the unaged. It will not
burn at all; it gives no light in the
holy place. Churn it up in the bag
of repentance, and butter comes.
This gives light, but spatters like
the half-saved man. Purify the butter
—boil it till the face of the cook may
be seen in it, and lo, there is the
ghee that burns sweetly and brightly
and may be put in the very Temple
of God. Perhaps that may remind
us of the old chorus, "Refining Fire,
go through my heart."

Then there are references to the
wisdom of God's grace. "The Rajah
built a bridge over the river. The
elephant crosses the river and so
does the man. The Salvation of God
is free for all."

Then the idea of the Power of God
comes in the saying: "The elephant
has stuck in the mire; how can he
get out? Some strong one must
come; or perhaps he may struggle
by himself. No, the Holy One must
give Him hand."

Another gives a little bit of wis-
dom that we all recognize as such.
"In sorrow all remember Him,
in pleasure none at all; if all in pleasure
remembered Him, there would be no
suffering at all." The fact that we,



too, often call on God only in our
sorrow and difficulty is one of which
it is well to be reminded.

There are a couple of further say-
ings that deal with the marks of
saintship, and are quite practical in
their way. "Know ye that the saint
is he whose conduct saintly is, who
practices philanthropy, whose words
are full of juice." And then this one:
"Praise the saintly mind which seek-
eth good, not evil, like a flower
pressed in both hands which per-
fumes both hands alike."

Then there are a whole lot of
warnings against delay in taking
steps toward true religion or for-
giveness of sins. Here are some inter-
esting samples: "The Devil stands at
your head; oh, friend, beloved, awake.
How can you careless slumber here,
where thugs their crimes commit." Or
the following: "To-day they say
to-morrow, the Lord I will adore. To-
morrow still the same excuse, pro-
crastinating more, until at last life
passes." Another on the danger of
delay runs thus: "What can the care-
less sinner do? The Devil now is
near; and he will catch him by the
ear, as a butcher does a goat."

There is a typically Indian way of
expression in the following by Kabir
again: "Looking at the bandhail (for
when grinding), Kabir began to
weep. Of all the grain that came

between the stones unbroken none re-
mained. Those grains that wandered
round and round were finely ground
to flour, but those who to the axle
clung, took not the slightest harm." The
moral is clear to the great
centre of all, God, and all will be
well.

Enjoyed in the East

The examples given will show the
sort of sayings often met with, al-
most any of which would be useful
as a sort of jumping off place for a
talk with an Indian audience; who
certainly appreciate a reference to
such sayings of the country. It is
equally true, though, that nothing
holds an Indian audience more en-
thrilled than a well-told Bible story
or parable. These are Eastern and
are readily enough understood and
enjoyed.

There is another story from far
back that I came across and use
sometimes as an illustration of true
devotion, and also the age-long cry
of the Indian for the appearance of
God. Uski Darsan, they call it. The
legend is as follows and concerns
a cave on the Narbaddha River in
Central India which passes through
a rocky and deep ravine with cliffs
on each side. They say that long,
long years ago a very holy hermit
lived in the cave. So holy was he,
that he was power with the gods, and
at his prayer one of them with his
consent came to visit him, riding on
a white bull.

The hermit, after greeting them,
said, "May I not call my villagers
that they may also worship? Will
you stay till I return if I go?" The
gods said, "We will stay till you re-
turn." The old man went out along
the cliff to bring his people; but as
he went he thought, "What if I don't
come back, the gods will remain for-
ever, abiding thus alone men." So
the old man made one spring from
the cliff path to the deep below, dis-
appearing for ever beneath the
swirling, black waters.

A Continual Reminder

The gods remained for a long
while waiting, but at last found out
the reason for delay. They said, "No,
we cannot stay; but we will cause
this statue of ourselves on the bull to
remain in the marble of the cave; and
so remind the men that the gods
have come to earth."

Such is the legend. It may surely
remain for us as a heart-cry of the
Indian for God. We have a glorious
story to tell those same Indians.
Christ, Who lived as a humble man,
died, and rose God's Son; and thank
Him many are listening and accept-
ing Him.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

By Envoy W. A. Hawley

From the prophet scroll she read about the Cross,
Seeking light upon His dying, gaze afraid;
Deeply feeling in her soul an inner loss,
For the end of hope seemed present, and she prayed.

She had trembled at the garden and the mob;
How she shuddered at the thorns, the spikes, the spot;
She was fainting when she heard His dying sob;
And her being in that hour of bitter fear.

With a tender, beating heart, on Easter morn,
At the sepulchre she met her Lord again,
And her joyful cry, "Rabboni," still is heard,
O'er the world, love's token to the Magdalene.

Once again, upon the hill of Olivet,
All alone she stood, to find the shadow gone;
And upon a radiant cross a Coronet,
Every point and peak of which be-jewelled shone.

From above, such glad hosannas met her ear,
Chanting, "Worthy is the Lamb for sinners slain";
And the gates of pearl swung open, seeming near,
And within she saw her King enthroned again.

And she heard Him say, "Come unto Me and rest,"
Sweet and kindly was His countenance, and bright—
Ah, she saw it all, and knew that she would live;
She had found the Tenth, the Resurrection Light.

THE MIDGET



ne Commissioner

ness! Before Easter—a garden, four
h. "Could ye not watch one hour?"
upon them. He must not only pray
burden in His heart and spirit alone
d up against the temptation alone.
t, "Not this cup . . . nevertheless, not

to realize that He stood alone. But

aviour prayed,
l the bitter cup,
e for me."

Alone before Pilate, before
the Sanhedrin. His disciples
have all fled.

Those who would have
stood near are afraid. They
are secret disciples because
of fear. He stands alone to
face the mocking, jeering
crowd, the heartless and man-
derous crowd. No eye in
pity, no hand outstretched to
help. Beaten, scourged, spit
upon, mocked, but standing
serene, dignified and Kingly
amidst it all. Conqueror, al-
though alone.

The Cross. Alone, Divine
yet human. Touched with
the feelings of our infirmity.
Was that the foundation of
His support? It must have
been when He realized how
alone He felt. The cry, "My
God, My God, why hast Thou
forsaken Me?" revealed to
what depths of loneliness He
went. All human friends had
left. His disciples went back
m. Now He felt God had left His

bore it all alone,
save His own,
and died, alone, alone."
quired. "It is finished," was His

Redeemer and our Intercessor. He is
one need be alone. Jesus is not in the
e your Saviour and Companion.
ay feel they are alone is that Christ is
ur heart and you may walk daily with
ings:
never lonely,
tandeth by,
fills my chamber,
else is nigh."

SOON after The Army began its
work in Limehouse, a riverside
section of East London, a trades-
man, whom I will call Saxton,
was converted to God. He had
been a wild and dissolute man,
reckless in his life and abandoned
to all kinds of self-indulgence and worldly
pleasure. He was a prosperous fishmonger,
having a good shop in Saxton's Lane—then a
notorious thoroughfare, greatly used by the
roughest type of people, and a resort for all
kinds of street trading, gambling, and drink-
ing—especially on Sunday mornings. All the
shops opened, costermongers appeared with
barrows in the roadway; hawkers, beggars,
battered sinners, piled their different callings,
and about eleven o'clock the whole street be-
came a scene of rough and noisy agitation,
with an occasional dog-fight or man-fight to
amuse the visitors who had no more serious
matters requiring their attention.

Into this street, shortly after our Work be-
gan in that district, marched a little group of
our Mission people every Sunday. They sang
and prayed and testified, and if the truth must
be told, added not a little to the commotion
and excitement of the hour. The testimonies
of some of the speakers—and testimony was
their strong point—had a peculiarly irritating
effect on the crowds. Particularly was this so
in the case of a dwarf, well-known as "The
Midget," a poor, deformed creature who had
formerly been an "actor" at the Penny Gaff—
a low theatrical affair—opposite Limehouse
Church, which the Founder had rented for our use.

The Midget had been indeed a vile creature,
finding an especial satisfaction in leading boys
and youths who frequented "The Gaff" into all
sorts of vicious ways. As he occupied for a sleep-
ing place a kind of den under the "stage," he was
always at hand for any wickedness that came
along either by night or day. A great drinker,
and generally able to enliven any company in
which he was found, the public-houses of the
locally welcomed him into their tap-rooms and
provided him with liquor when he asked for it.

The Midget's Great Change

When we took possession of "The Gaff," the
Midget's occupation was gone. He celebrated the
fact by inventing and carrying out almost every
conceivable kind of mischief which could be a
source of amusement or injury to our meetings or
our people. His ability of appearance and his
amazing ability in mimicry often made his inter-
ruptions very amusing and very difficult to deal
with, especially in the Open-air meetings.
Then, one day, the Midget found Salvation.
Now that he was changed he became, es-
pecially in Saxton's Lane, a target for abuse of
all kinds by the publicans and their miserable



By the
General.



dunes. They seemed to feel that insult was added
to injury when this poor fellow, for whom they
had drawn so much good liquor, should not only
abandon his former ways, but that he should come
forth to tell his story of a new life on their very
doorsteps and to their very best customers!

The Fishmonger's Interest Aroused

Perhaps for this reason, perhaps on account
of the gradual increase in the number and effec-
tiveness of the Missioners, the abuse gradually
grew louder and fiercer, and on some Sundays
something very much like a riot took place in
"the Lane." The usual East End horseplay de-
generated more and more into personal fights,
stone throwing and aggressive violence of other
kinds. The garbage of the street, refuse and
offal from the stalls, and still stronger stuff,
brought especially from a distance by some of
the rowdies, made havoc among the clothes of
the singers and speakers. At last the police
threatened to take proceedings—against us, of
course—unless we stopped the meetings. That,
however, we had no intention of doing. Instead
we "moved on," and on some Sundays the "ser-
vice" was indeed a sort of "movie," though not
of the modern kind. Marching slowly up and
down the crowded thoroughfare, our
people, though hustled and stoned, made
great crowds hear their message, and not
a few fine Converts were won, who did
brave work for God, and finally passed to
the Better World.

Among those who had noticed the
hostility of the crowd to the preachers,
was the fishmonger. His shop was always
open from ten to one, and having a thor-
ough knowledge of his business, he did
what is called a roaring trade. Sunday
after Sunday the processioners would
stand for a few moments before the shop,
speak to his customers, and he, working

at his open front with its big "slab," heard
and saw much that went on. Among other
matters of interest to him was the Midget. I
think that he had sometimes witnessed the
queer performances at "The Gaff" round the
corner, and he had no doubt got a fairly ac-
curate idea of the misery in which the poor
fellow lived, and the bad character which he
bore. When, therefore, he stood forth from
time to time still so dwarfed and contemptible
in appearance, but now so loud and definite
in the story he told of a changed life, the fish-
monger was first interested, and then im-
pressed. Sometimes the Midget sang a kind
of amateur solo. Though his voice was not
very strong or very harmonious, there was
something in it which made his words of more
than passing interest. One saw in particular
entered the fishmonger's inmost soul:

Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day,
My portion never will decay,
Christ for me.

The disturbances continued and became
more frequent and more violent. The Midget
was made the special target for the attacks of
the roughs. Every evil word was hurled at
him. The nastiest filth and the sharpest
stones were always directed at him, and some-
times he really did come in for serious trouble.
But in all this he was patient and silent. The
most he attempted in the way of self-defence
was the wearing of a thick overcoat made of
some kind of hemp material which was not
greatly affected by the slush, and which
seemed to have a softening effect on the stones!

Midget Wins a Soul

One Sunday morning, when violence was
exceptionally bitter, the Midget was thrown down
and rolled over and over in the mud, coming to
a stop opposite the fishmonger's shop. Seeing
the plight of the poor fellow, he stepped out
into the roadway, checked the rabble, raised the poor
little victim to his feet and led him, to the be-
wildering astonishment alike of friend and foe,
into the room behind his open shop. There he
left him while he went to overlook the putting up
of the shutters and to send him food, presently
returning to receive thanks for this unexpected
kindness. What then took place I know not, but
what followed made a sensation indeed in Lime-
house! The poor despised creature led the proud
and wicked tradesman to Christ. The following
Sunday morning the fish shop alone in all the
street remained closed, and the fishmonger in his
best clothes joined the procession which presently
stopped as usual before the shop, while he stood
forth and told the story of his repentance and
faith and forgiveness to the astonished crowd, a

(Continued on page 15)



miles west of Charlton, in New Ontario, and after working there for eleven years he had thirty acres cleared and was well supplied with stock and all necessary farm equipment. Then their only child, a daughter, married and moved away, and the loneliness of the isolated farm became insupportable, especially for his wife, so they decided to move to a town once more. The place chosen was Georgetown, where they arrived in 1919. Brother Gregory found work at once in the paper mill, and has been there ever since.

Through all these changing seasons our comrade has maintained his simple faith and wholehearted devotion. When there was a war near enough to attend he was an active soldier, and when too far away he linked himself with the many Christian body and worked for the Lord there.

In New Ontario he helped at the Community church, and whenever a minister was away he would conduct the services. When he found to Corps in Georgetown he became an active worker in the church.

He was glad of the opportunity this afforded him of working for the Master, even though he was first associated with fellow soldiers. He wore his uniform on all occasions, and made it clear to all he was proud of it. On their church members were very glad of his help and used his services whenever circumstances made it possible.

But all the time his heart was yearning for "The Army," and when last word came that a Corps was to be opened he was delighted. He verified the coming of the Officers and did everything he could to prepare for them, and on the opening night he testified "This is the best day of my life."

When Captain Hiltz and Lieutenant Clarke, the Officers who opened the Corps, began their visitation he heard everywhere of Brother Gregory's work and influence; how he visited the sick, prayed with the dying, read the Scriptures in the people's homes, and in general he worked in such a way that the

April 7, 1928



IT WAS HAY-MAKING time in England.

Nine-year-old George Stokes found it just a little more difficult than usual to concentrate on "ruminating," "ruminating" and "ruminating" whilst the delightful melody of sounds made by the busy hay-makers was tantalizingly borne to his ears on the balmy summer breeze.

School dismissed, George soon lessened the distance between himself and the field where his father, with other men, was plying the sickle in the good old-fashioned style.

Now George, we are sorry to say, had acquired a taste for a certain beverage with which hay-makers were wont to refresh their thirsty palates at frequent intervals, and when he accidentally stumbled upon a cask of apple-juice in the cool shade of a ruin-stone, he did not think twice about helping himself.

He inhaled more freely than wisely, and when he arrived on the scene his son was properly "muddled." But he was soon sobered! George's Dad had his own views on how a son should conduct himself—especially one of George's years, and with Solomon's wisdom he spared not the rod!

For George! The thrashing did little good, but had not reckoned with George's fiery and volatile temperament. The young lad's soul was filled with hot resentment, and he gave vent to his feelings by an angry all-night vigil under an oak-tree. Not until the following morning, after watching his father off for work, did he return home. He found his distraught mother with the open Bible on the table, crying and praying for her erring boy.

Two things resulted from this boyish episode which influenced and stained the whole of his chequered career; first, his thirst for strong drink became a passion, and secondly, an ungovernable temper asserted itself. Both shortcomings played fearful havoc with his life, as this story will show.

At ten years of age George was working with a contractor as water-boy, or, to be more correct—beer-boy.

One day he went into a drunken street with his team; they parted company at the "pub" and on the way home the boy met a runaway horse. His mother's brain afire with horror he was faced with an insane desire to mount the cart and "go home quick!" Carreering madly down the street a frightened acquaintance shouted, "Well, where are you going?" "To hell!" was the gay rejoinder. His mother found later with his skull smashed, he had arrived at his "destination" sooner than he expected!

George was deeply moved by the death of his child, but was too stubborn to give up drinking, much less

to repent of his wicked ways.

Reviewing this period of his life, when he stood, as it were, on the threshold of manhood, George is convinced that God sent him several grave warnings, of which the preceding occurrence is a sample.

We next see George as Private Stokes, of the 61st Gloucestershire Regiment. He had accepted the Queen's shilling and signed up for seven years' active service.

The new life, at first, was fascinating, with its ceaseless round of novel activities, but George soon tired of it. The stringent discipline, the pipe-claying and brass-



An all-night vigil



Arrested by a policeman

polishing, became irksome to a man of George's disposition.

He would willingly have forfeited his "shilling," but that was out of the question. Perhaps some in his circumstances would have made the best of a bad job, but George endeavored to make the worst of it!

He became the ringleader of all plots and plans for dozing himself off after numerous minor escapades, for which he underwent pack-drill and confinement to barracks. He conceived a brilliant plan to replenish the depleted "exchequer." The plan was confided to his two bosom pals. They would pawn their kit! This was an easy matter, but it took an amazingly brief space in which to quaff the price of their kits and with empty pockets came the realization that some embarrassing questions might be asked if they returned to camp minus the Queen's belongings.

As usual, it was left to George to solve the problem, and his audacious suggestion was—desertion! The other two were desperate enough and drunk enough for anything. It was decided that to do the job properly, as well as to avoid detection, one of them should impersonate a "non-com." Three stripes were accordingly pur-

Chains that were Broken

By Ensign J. Wood

Strong drink and bad temper sadly wrecked the career of George Stokes, but through reading a WAR CRY he was led to seek deliverance from the One Who can break every fetter, and is now a devoted Bandsman in the Ottawa III Corps.

joined and the lot fell upon George.

Their next move, after passing the range of military barracks, was to exchange their uniforms for civilian garb. They agreed to fall upon the first man they met and steal his clothes, so that one of them, at least, might be safe.

They walked fifteen miles and were then arrested by a policeman, who took the humiliated trio back to whence they belonged.

George's chums were court-martialed and sentenced to forty-two days' imprisonment whilst "Sergeant" George escaped lightly, because his brother, Harry, who was also in the regiment, noticing George's scanty kit, guessed what had happened, and made up the shortage.

At last, George's hard drinking began to require forfeit. Up till this time his magnificent constitution had withstood any serious ill effects, but he was soon in such a state that when warned for guard duty, it was necessary to take him to the hospital instead.

Here he suffered the terrors of Hell whilst in a fit of delirium tremens. He went deaf and blind and his weight was reduced from 150 to 95 pounds. Seven doctors attended him and at one time they despaired of saving his life.

During the weeks he lay hovering on the verge of death he had time for serious reflection. This caused him to make a resolution that not another drop of liquor should pass his lips. Alas, for his ineffective, man-



Shameful home-coming

A WAR CRY came into his hands

made resolutions!—before he had been out of hospital two weeks he was again in the "clink" for being drunk and disorderly!

George's next adventures were undergone in the Straits Settlements, whither he was dispatched with his regiment.

Sailing on the S.S. "Himalaya," via the Suez Canal, it took them seventy-five days to reach their destination. Private Stokes' interesting duties during this voyage were those of assistant cook.

It may seem paradoxical that a man should go, unconverted, to a non-Christian land, and there become

converted, but it was so in George Stokes' case. He was invited to a Bible Class, conducted primarily for Chinese and Malays, and in which he and the man who had invited him were the only whites. Conviction seized him. Returning to the barracks about midnight—he slipped away to the jungle nearby and poured out his heart to God. For two hours he prayed and realized in that time that God is indeed "a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

He walked back to the barracks as if on air. In the morning came the real test. Dropping out his knees in the attitude of prayer, he soon became the target for more than cushions. A boot-brush hurtled through the air, closely followed by a scrubbing brush. He kept on praying, whilst jibes were freely exchanged among the men. "There's another Holy Joe," they shouted in derision, "let the suffer have it," and a shower of other missiles descended on and about—mostly on—a poor praying George. But George weathered the storm!

He was glad to find that he was not the only converted man in the regiment. Four others allied themselves with him, and they spent many happy and useful hours together.

It was their custom to repair to the jungle, where they would read, ponder, and question one another concerning the Word.

For all this neither George nor his companions thought it sinful to take a glass of beer. Thus it was not long before the cursed stuff again spelled George's ruin. He could not stop at one glass.

Whilst going into the city of Singapore to attend a Church service, he unwittingly entered a tavern for "just one glass." Hours afterwards he was hauled out of a ditch by the Sikhs (native police).

The old appetite was revived; once again the fire raged in his brain and the devil enlisted against conscience by the bland suggestion that George could stop drinking when he got out of the army.

George Stokes' life might fittingly be labelled from this period: "And the last state of that man is worse than the first." At the conclusion of his period of service George received his discharge.

His home-coming was as sordid as his departure. He reached his mother's home as he left it—drunk—and fell on his face on the threshold. Only his broken-hearted mother's sorrow curbed, to any extent, his drunkenness, following his return to civilian life.

He started in the tea-selling business. Needless to say it was not a very successful venture financially! His insatiable thirst for his favorite beverage—which certainly wasn't tea—caused him to spend as much money as he made.

At this point of his life George Stokes caught a fleeting glimpse of "The Salvation Army." He was in one (Continued on page 15)



A small procession, with a flag and drum, made its way down the village street

gory was the Army's prestige was greatly enhanced when the Corps opened.

So we find him today, a spiritual asset to a new opening in a new town; glad of his opportunity to serve, proud to wear the uniform and proclaim himself a Salvationist, and eager to help others into the experience of peace and joy which his. Long may he live to make War he so much loves.

Resurrections in Territory

A Stagnant Professor

By CAPTAIN HARRY ASHBY,
Rhodes Avenue, Toronto

IT IS a sad fact that many people have merely a profession of salvation without any knowledge of God's power.

Such was the condition of a man living in the city of Toronto. He had been taught the right way all his life and merely came into a Baptist Band and played an instrument because he liked music. This caused a disturbed life, and although he tried on for years, to use his own words, "he got nowhere."

Some Revival meetings were announced, and the Officer conducting the meeting spoke on "stagnation." This aroused the young man and he knelt at the mercy-seat, where he was heard to murmur, "Oh, God, I've been stagnant too long."

He pleaded with God to make him an overcomer. For sometime he wrestled, but as soon as he yielded to God his tongue was loosed. A voice was heard penetrating every corner of the building as he uttered the power to overcome. He made vows, and to-day he is an outstanding light in the Corps, depending on all times to witness for God and pray. To fight in the Peace meeting is his greatest delight. A fish for backsliders is his joy.

Oh, what a change was wrought through the power of God and the straight teaching of a Salvation Army Officer.

Saved from Suicide

By ADJUTANT GEO. LUTON,
Sault Ste. Marie II

IN ONE of the small towns of Ontario there are four comrades who had come into The Army Band from the Open-air. That night the Lieutenant took the lesson. There was a man, and as he had no place to go that night, the Officers offered to take him to the Quarters. The Lieutenant and the comrade were walking home together the late night.

"Supposing it was possible for me to go up in an aeroplane at night and look down upon the sin and wickedness of the world, how terrible would be."

Early next morning the comrade who was sleeping in the same quarters as the Lieutenant, awoke the latter from his peaceful slumbers. He held in his hand a little bottle of poison. The Lieutenant woke the comrade and they listened to the following story: "I had been discouraged and tired of life and had made up my mind to go out in the bush just a little way out of the town. I didn't need to say any more. The Officers knew he had meant to take his own life."

He went on to tell how the gift of a few Salvationists in the town had led him to stop and listen to what was said. "Thank God," he finished at the point-form. "The God used the faithful few in carrying out His great purpose for man."

and gave her heart to God. She then made confession regarding herself and her people, who were notified as to her whereabouts.

After Hospital care she returned to her home with the baby, the nurses freely forgiving the past and trying to find the daughter lost to the world for months. The girl is still doing well and shows every evidence of a change of heart.

April 7, 1928

An Esquimaux, a Salvationist, and Jesus

By Captain C. O. Butler,
Newfoundland



OOLIK was sick. Strange thoughts were passing through his mind. Was he going to pass to his fathers? His days of sealing, fishing, and hunting, were they over? Outside the hut the bay was open and great white spaces of blue water separated long sheets of ice, that were rapidly driving southwards. This squaw stood by the open door, a great trouble clonding her pale eyes and her oily features quiver with the suppressed sorrow that made her expansive beam leave, as if her body could no longer contain the burden which she was trying to conceal from the sick man.

A thought, a memory, brought to Ooluk's mind some hope. Did not the Newfoundland fishermen who held a meeting last year, those Sal-De-Vash-ones, say that Jesus God was a great medicine man who could kill pain, and that Jesus God was everywhere?

A spasm of intense pain wrung from his lips a fervent prayer that Jesus God might come to Ooluk.

Merrily the "Iner" breasted the foam, a favorable and singing breeze gave the good ship the opportunity to show her sailing qualities, and the crew, with appraising eyes, took note of her

every motion as the new ship, making her maiden voyage to the Labrador, registered a good nine knots as she romped northwards. The captain stood at the wheel. With feet wide apart and one hand on the wheel, this gigantic figure seemed



Ooluk was sick; his squaw stood by the open door

Land that has no storms."

Running into harbor, a native kayak approached the ship as soon as she was anchored and the

woman occupant of the craft approached the Salvationist skipper, saying simply, but with a world of pathos, "Sal-De-Vash, Ooluk sick."

The skipper accompanied the squaw ashore in his dinghy and soon saw, from long experience of the ills of the coast, that Ooluk must get to hospital and quickly. He at once decided to take him there. Time meant much to our Salvationist and his crew, but saying to himself, to augment his own faith and that of his crew, that it was God's business to look after folks who were doing what Jesus would do, he put back along the coast to Battle Harbor, where there was a hospital.

In a white bed at the hospital Ooluk lay thinking. Where was Jesus God?

A white-robed nurse approached, smiled at Ooluk and beckoned to a visitor to come near his bed. As the skipper approached, she whispered, "He's going fast," and left them alone.

At once the Salvationist, through his long acquaintance with the natives of Labrador, interspersed his simple English with Esquimaux words, and with still more eloquent gestures began to talk of Jesus.

"Oh!" Ooluk whispers, "Jesus God, yes Him." Vividly the skipper portrayed the love of Christ. Eagerly the dying hunter heard, accepted, and realized the love of Christ for Him. Speaking laboriously, he said: "I'm glad you come; nobody else tell me of Jesus."

While the Salvationist sat there a holy influence filled the little ward, filling the heart of both. For Jesus God had come to the Esquimaux, who presently fell asleep in Him. Jesus God had again blessed the skipper's heart with that one benedictory word, "Inasmuch."

THE MIDGET

(Continued from page 9)

crowd now made a larger crowd than

The new recruit attracted much attention throughout the district, and the mischief grew even more violent. Again the police interfered, this time threatening to close the street to any sort of demonstration. We were in a quandary. And then a new thing happened. The fishmonger made certain alterations so that his long slab could be moved at pleasure, and thus he was able to throw his open shop into immediate contact with the pavement. It instantly formed a protected stand for speakers, and nothing could prevent people standing before it to hear the message. Many fish" were caught in that shop on Sunday mornings, while fish of another kind were sold there in the week. Soon one or two other traders

men closed on Sunday also, and "the Lane" became quite a centre of Army life and history in that district. And there was a sequel. The fishmonger took care of the Midget, and by a strange constraint of affection set to work to realize the desolate fellow's one earthly desire—to find his long-lost mother. They had both been wanderers, she in connection with some travels, a village fair, and he towards the great City, and thus they lost touch with one another. Perhaps he seldom thought of her in the years of wandering, but from the first hours of his Salvation he had sought without rest. He interested his benefactor, and set to work and directed for him interested some friends in the quest, and communicated with some centres as he thought likely to give information. And she was found in nakedness and misery and loneliness, but found. From that hour the Midget loved a difficult, more responsible work, and above all things a provider for his mother. At first he employed him in odd jobs, then he set him up for himself, and made him an independent man with his earnings. The mother, with her hard, vicious, and first unrepentant, was presently softened by the love and tenderness of the Midget, and died in peace. After he also died in the Faith.

CHAINS THAT WERE BROKEN

(Continued from page 13)

of his favorite haunts—a public-house—when the sound of singing and drum-beating fell upon his ear. The game of billiards and the drinks were forgotten and out rushed George with his cronies to see what they could.

It was a handful of Salvationists, who had marched eight miles from the city of Bristol to Lombard George's village. It made no effect upon "hard-boiled" George, however, save that he thought they must be made of "good stuff" to come that distance through pouring rain to preach to the villagers.

In the Summer of 1886, George Stokes ventured with his wife and family to Canada, making the journey, even at that early date, in nine days from Liverpool to Perth, Ont. It was not without some hope of turning over a new leaf that he started out. Before leaving, a well-intentioned sister had encouraged him with the statement that it would be easier for him to part company with John Bartley-corn in Canada because the good people there were all Christians! But he was soon disillusioned.

THE WAR CRY has been described as a white-winged messenger of Salvation. It was certainly such to poor Stokes; it was an emblem of hope to a despairing, drink-sodden soul.

For the first time in his life a WAR CRY came into his hands. It had been left at the house by some faithful Officer or comrade.

George was led to see his wretchedness. He wrestled and pleaded with God in an agony of soul, and then read his WAR CRY afresh. In this particular issue the conversion of a great drunkard was chronicled.

One Friday night he announced to his astonished wife that he was going to The Army.

True to his resolve he set out for the Hall, and on the way emptied his pockets of pipe and tobacco and cast them into a hedge by the roadside. His chums were idling about the hotel door as he passed and invited him to join them. But he had already bidden them farewell in spirit and so he resumed his way.

He mounted the steps to the Hall and took a seat near the front. As

the Captain talked, the tears began to stream down the penitent's face. The Captain was speedily by his side and the next moment George was at the mercy-seat.

That night George Stokes' faithful wife cried for joy. The presence of the Holy Spirit rested as a benediction on their home—an atmosphere such as the Stokes' household had never before known.

Bright and early Sunday morning he was on his way to kneel-droit and that night—determined that he should miss nothing—he prayed until dawn.

Monday morning the glory had not abated one whit. As he was sitting at breakfast, the windows of Heaven opened and poured out such blessing-showers that he danced for joy.

A visitor was in the house and looked askance at George's antics. "What is the matter with the man?" she asked. "Has he gone crazy?" But Mrs. Stokes knew what had happened. "No," she said, "Mr. Stokes has been a wicked sinner, but God has saved him; that's why he is so happy; he is dancing for joy."

Bandman George Stokes has passed the allotted span of three-score-years-and-ten and still he is cheerily treading the pilgrim way. He does not forget the horrible pill from which he has been brought, nor the One Who lifted him out and set him upon the Rock. Nor has he forgotten the means which God used to effect this. It is because of the part THE WAR CRY played in his wonderful deliverance that he has gladly permitted the publication of this abridged account of his life-story, and just as he was led to the Light by a similar story, so he desires that this may be the medium by which some other sin-ridden, defeated soul may find the way to a pardoning, peace-giving God.

The Man who Drew Back

(Continued from page 11)

made the decision I did not find it hard to make a complete surrender and to consecrate my all to Him, and I rose to my feet with a sweet sense of His presence in my heart once more.

So here I am to-day, once more a

SIMON: The Silk Merchant

(Continued from page 10)

"Jews from the parts of Libya about Cyrene," some one said they were.

"I am known unto you all, brethren," the speaker went on, "I am Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene. You know the shame the Roman soldiers put upon me on the day Jesus died on Calvary, how they compelled me to bear His cross. That was the greatest honor that has ever come to me or that ever will come. They crucified Jesus. I saw him die out yonder at Golgotha, but Jesus lives to-day. He was the Messiah we had all been looking for, yet when he came none of us recognized him. Yet now if you will but repent God will have mercy upon you."

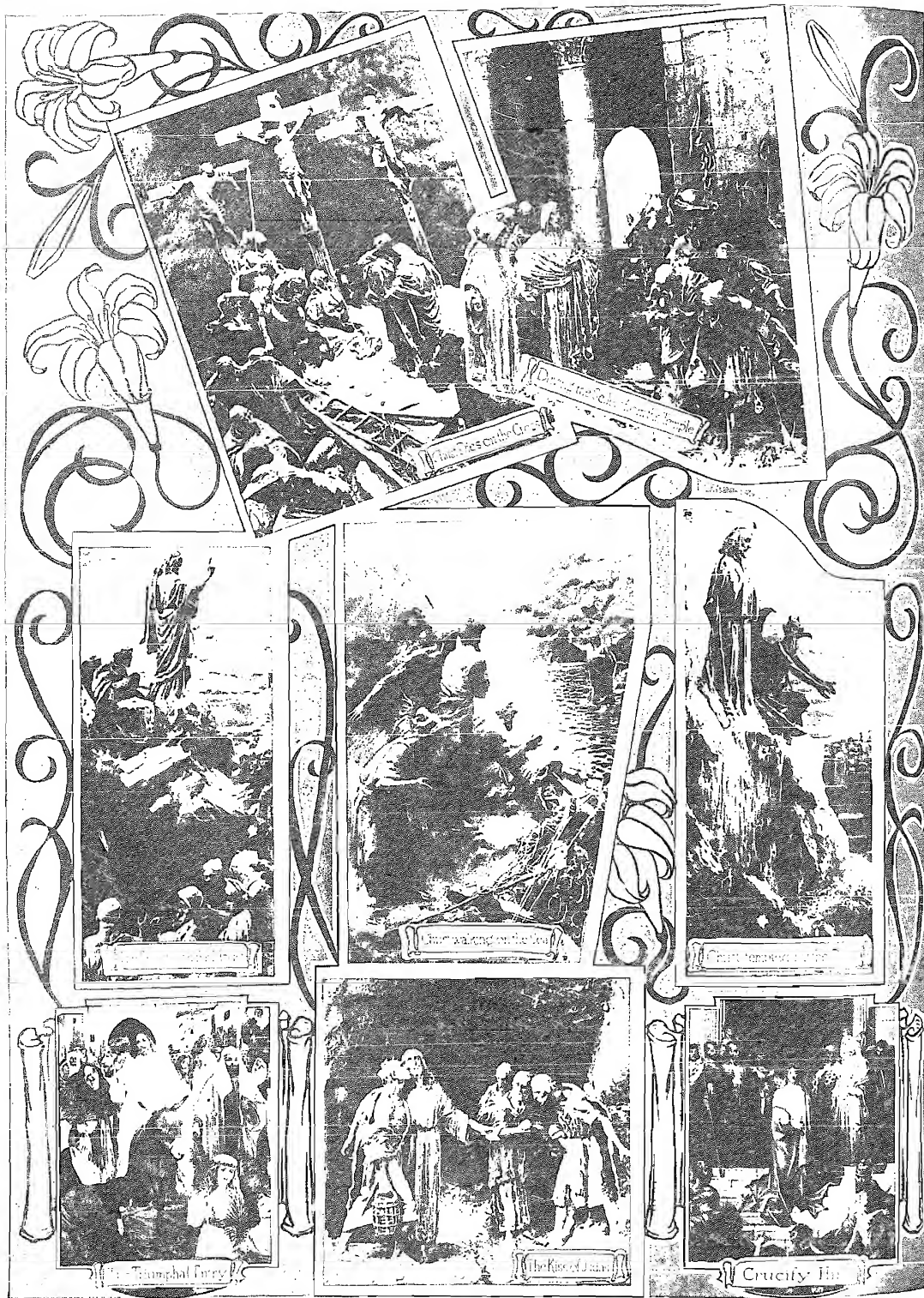
So Simon went on and many Jews from his own town of Cyrene and the country round about believed on Jesus that day because of his word.

It was long before Simon had completed all of his business and reached his home at Cyrene again. But one evening on the flat roof of a house that looked out over the Mediterranean, Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene, told Ruth, his wife, and his two sons, Rufus and Alexander, of all that happened to him in Jerusalem, and of Jesus, the Messiah, who had died for them; and they, too, gave themselves to Jesus.

Many years afterwards they left Cyrene and went to Rome, and Rufus and Alexander got to know many of the men who had known Jesus.

Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene, the man who carried Christ's cross on the first Good Friday, is a man we do well to remember.—W. J. May, in the "Sunday School Times."

humble follower of Christ. I can never open the door I closed against myself so long ago, can never recover the years I have wasted, and I shall go to my grave with regret for my life failure upon me; but I am filled with a sort of sweet amazement at His grace which has restored me. My all is His for whatever I have left of life, and I am not without hope that in some way I shall yet be able to do some useful work for Him, and that my mother's prayer that I might be a soul-winner shall not be entirely unanswered.



Momentous Events in The Life of the Master

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER

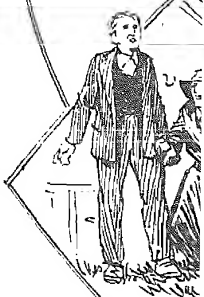
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